

THE CLUBWOMAN, THE HOUSEKEEPER, THE YOUNG GIRL—NEW IDEAS AND FASHION

THE QUIET
LITTLE MOUSEBy
ELLEN ADAIR

In all his families there is generally one quiet little mouse to be found. Unfortunately, she is generally somewhat overlooked by the others, too. It seems a pity, for she frequently possesses all the good qualities of the whole crowd, and these qualities are seldom duly recognized. "My sister Mary is such a dear, good soul," said a gay, smartly groomed girl the other day. She spoke in an almost apologetic tone of voice, as though the virtues alluded to were something to be rather ashamed of than otherwise. "She is so willing to help all of us, but sometimes I wish she would smarten up a bit in her clothes. She hasn't really a bit of style, and is so quiet, too."

I felt rather anxious to meet Mary, and a day or two later visited the family. It was as I had expected. Mary was pinching and saving to help the other members of the family. She certainly was not so good-looking as her eldest sister, nor so smartly dressed as her second sister, nor so witty and entertaining as her younger sister, but after one had talked to her for a little while one saw that she had the finest character in the family.

In front of her was a tremendous basket, overflowing with stockings in all stages of disrepair. "These are boys' stockings," I said. "I didn't know that you had any brothers."

"Neither I have," said Mary tranquilly. "These stockings belong to the children of the baker around the corner. His wife is ill in bed just now, and, you know, they've five boys in the family. So I do their mending just now till the mother is better."

"Mary does the mending for all of us, too," added the younger sister, in a patronizing tone. "She's a regular old stay-at-home."

Just at this moment the eldest sister rushed in. She was coming out to a dance and seemed in a violent hurry.

The Bachelor and the Spinster Chat

"Speaking of girls," said the Bachelor, "reminds me of something that happened the other day. I was going over to call on Miss Moore and on my way I made the interesting discovery that I had left my money in my other clothes. In short, I was the proud possessor of just 40 cents."

"Well, on my arrival the first thing Miss Moore informed me was that she had made an engagement for us to go with a crowd to show some of the most famous steam of hope, I asked who was going."

"Oh, nobody you know. They're all new people," she told me cheerfully. "So I decided to take the bull by the horns and tell her that we couldn't go, and I did. Did I dare say that it was all right, and that she really was too tired to dance, anyway? No, she did not."

"When that young lady was through telling me what a brute I was, and how often I had disappointed her, and a few other like compliments, I assure you I was a bit flabbergasted."

"And I'm cured, as well. It only goes to show you that girls are all alike. They only like a fellow for the good times he can afford to show them. They never stop to think whether he is good, bad or indifferent in character. All they want is excitement."

"Another thing they entirely disregard is from what source the money comes. The married women are the same. Their poor old husbands can slave all day long, but when they come home at night they are not permitted to say a word about business. That's talking shop. Their wives expect them to be cheerful and bright, no matter how worried they are. If ever meet a logical woman I'd marry her on the spot."

"Indeed," said the Spinster. "That's extraordinarily generous of you. You seem to forget that you are making Miss Moore the excuse for your own foolish mistakes. If you hadn't spoiled her she wouldn't expect you to take her all over the city. When you say yourself to be dragged around. And, besides, if you ever met a logical woman it wouldn't do you much good, because if she were logical she wouldn't marry you."

Women's club work is progressing rapidly, now that the holiday season and Christmas rush has stopped.

The New Century Club has earned its reputation for originality by inaugurating a series of the dances, which will be held on four successive Saturday afternoons, from 4 to 6, beginning January 9.

On Wednesday, January 6, at 3 p. m., the regular staff meeting of the club will be held. Those who will assist the president, Mrs. H. A. Prentiss Nichols, in receiving are Mayor and Mrs. Rudolph Blankenship, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis D. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. George Burnham, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. James Mapes Dodge.

The drama section of the New Century Club invites members of the club to join a class to study "The Art of Playwriting," under the direction of Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, at the home of Henry La Barre Joyce, 1035 Spruce street. The meetings will be held on Saturday afternoons, at 4:30 o'clock, and will consist of a course of ten lectures.

The Literature and Art Committee, of which Miss Laura Bell is chairman, will meet on Thursday, January 7, at 3 p. m., when Miss Joyce will speak on "Plea for Old Books."

"Mary," she exclaimed, "please lend me this new fan of yours. I know you'd love to lend it to me. And just mend this pair of gloves. You always mend so beautifully, and I know you won't mind! Oh, and can I have one of your new handkerchiefs and some of your perfume? Run upstairs for my cloak, like a dear; I've forgotten it."

And Mary went. She returned with the handkerchief duly perfumed, and the fan, a really lovely one. I thought there was a wistful look on her face as she handed it to her sister, saying, "You won't lose it, dear; will you?"

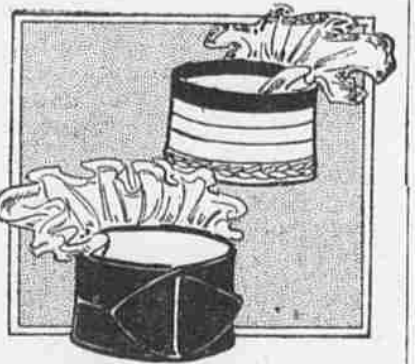
"Of course not, stupid," cried the other as she rushed from the room. Mary's younger sister then remarked in an injured tone: "I do think she had a nerve to ask for your new fan, Mary. It's awfully valuable, and she may easily lose it, just as she loses everything. I thought you cared particularly about it, since it came from that old admirer of yours who went off to Japan."

Poor Mary! I didn't envy her her family life. None of the girls seemed to realize the unselfishness and the fineness of her character. "She is such a quiet little mouse," they would say, and then change the subject, as if unworthy of further continuance. Yet, when one day the most eligible and most attractive man in the neighborhood married Mary and carried her off to a home of her own, where her virtues were fully appreciated by an adoring husband, they were all utterly surprised. "Mary must have been pretty deep to catch such a rich and charming man," they said.

But Mary's husband knew better. "It is the quiet little mouse of the family who does the kindest things in the most unobtrusive way," he said.

And I am inclined to agree with him.

The High Collar



The day of the high collar has come again! Long enough has the defenseless public been tortured by the sight of extremely V-necks and decollete afternoon gowns. Many a woman will hail the new high collar with a sigh of relief, and perhaps just as many will brave Dame Fashion's disfavor and remain comfortable in her low collar.

The low collar and low-cut neck of the daytime frock may have been comfortable as far as physical sensation goes, but they were hard on the feelings of women who didn't become them. And what is physical comfort compared with wounded vanity?

The change has been a gradual one. As the last backslider patiently allows her dressmaker to disfigure her gowns by cutting them into a broad V-neck, the styles change! The very ones who were advocating the daytime décollete begin to turn their collars up to their ears on the sly, in many cases conferring a favor on the public at large.

The low-cut afternoon blouse is slowly disappearing. In its place a more dignified and becoming and most always exaggerated and very much out of place. So long live the high collar! At last the woman can look dignified and still be fashionable.

AT THE WOMEN'S CLUBS

hold a reception for members and their friends on Saturday evening, January 9. The Women's Club of Ardmore will hold a business meeting Friday.

At the Civic Club five important committee meetings will be held this week: the Legislative Committee, with Chairman Mrs. H. Gordon McCouch, Dean Cornell and Miss Clara Middleton, associate chairman, met yesterday. The Pure Food Committee, of which Mrs. William B. L. Gordon is chairman, met at 11 o'clock this morning. This afternoon the Rapid Transit Committee, of which Mrs. John C. Trautwine, Jr., is chairman, will meet at 3 o'clock. Thursday, at 11 o'clock, the Committee on the Extension of Good Citizenship will hold its regular meeting; Mrs. Thomas Kirkbride is chairman. The Emerson Club devotes its session today to the discussion of current affairs and to legislative matters. Mrs. Thomas Barnes is in charge of the legislation day.

Today, at 3 o'clock, the Philadelphia Music Club will present the work of American composers at their meeting. Mrs. Thomas Fenton is in charge of the program.

The Hathaway Shakespeare Club will continue the study of Coriolanus at their meeting on Friday afternoon.

On January 12, at 3 p. m., the New Century Club will hold a legislative conference in the Mayor's Reception Room, City Hall. The subject for discussion will be "Unemployment," and the speakers, Director George W. Norris and James Maurer, member of the State Legislature and Federation of Labor. The discussion will be continued by a number of business men and local workers.

The College Club has invited the various local Alumnae Association, each to choose a special day of the month on which their members may make it a habit to drop in for luncheon, knowing that they will, on that day, find friends from their own college. The days so far chosen are: the first Monday of the month, Vassar; the first Friday, Bryn Mawr; the second Monday, Wellesley; the fourth Friday, Smith.

The Ethical Society has arranged a most attractive program for the Sunday morning of this month. Next Sunday's subject will be "Is Civilization a Disaster?" discussed by Dr. Stanton Coit. Dr. Lester K. Born, of the House of Representatives, will speak on January 11, "City Streets and the Child of the Future."



CORRECT ATTIRE FOR THE "FOX-TROT"

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

By CLAUDE MORRIS Author of "John Ereden, Solicitor."

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberley, is at Harpree School, of which John Erleigh is head master. John and Anne are engaged to be married. Lord Arthur Merlet, uncle of Guy Wimberley, warns John that there is a plot to put the boy out of the way. Dick Merlet, a cousin, and in line for the peerage of the great Wimberley estate, is concerned in the plot. The other plotters are Vertigan, a science master at Harpree, who has a hold on John Erleigh, and Mrs. Travers, Erleigh's sister. Mrs. Travers was described by the aunt as being a cold, calculating, and ambitious woman. She was also described as being a woman who would do anything to get her son, Guy, into the peerage. She was also described as being a woman who would do anything to get her son, Guy, into the peerage.

Lord Arthur asks John Erleigh to dismiss Vertigan. Travers tells her brother that Vertigan wants to marry her and that he threatens to expose John Erleigh. John Erleigh is then shown a revolver and told to take it to his room. He is then shown a letter from his mother, which tells him to take the revolver to his room. He is then shown a letter from his mother, which tells him to take the revolver to his room. He is then shown a letter from his mother, which tells him to take the revolver to his room.

CHAPTER XIV.

"WELL, Guy," said Lord Arthur, "seating himself on the edge of the boy's bed. 'What have you got to tell me?'"

"Got to tell you, uncle?"

"Yes—about this idiotic business—losing your way and all that. Of course directly you began to talk about it at dinner I knew that it was all a pack of lies."

"I say, you ought not to say that, you know. It's not fair on a chap."

Lord Arthur smiled. "I let you off pretty lightly," he continued. "I didn't cross-examine you as I might have done. Now, my boy, you've got to tell me just what happened to you tonight."

The boy smiled at him sullenly. "How do you know anything happened?" he said after a pause.

"Your face told me that, old man. You're not old enough yet to control your features. I could see you'd been through something pretty stiff—you looked scared to death once or twice; and when Denham dropped a plate you nearly jumped out of your chair. Now you're not a nervous young fool, are you?"

"How do you know that, old man? You were quite right to keep it from your mother. But you've got to tell me everything. And don't leave anything out."

"Yes," said the boy, and bit by bit the story was told—the details had to be almost dragged out. When Lord Arthur learnt that his nephew had actually fired at the man he gave a low whistle and his face became very grave.

"I say, Guy," he said after a pause, "that's a pretty bad—that shooting business."

"It's rotten," said the boy in a low voice. "I can't get it out of my head—the light on his face and his body all turning sideways. He shuddered and covered his face with his hands."

"Perhaps you didn't hit him, old man—just frightened him you made off pretty sharp—didn't you?"

all he got. I'd not worry about him. It's your mother—the whole thing will come out—we've tried so hard to keep it from her."

"But—must it come out, uncle, even if they find the body?"

"I'm afraid so, old man. You see, I'd have to come forward and tell all I know of the great Wimberley estate, is concerned in the plot. The other plotters are Vertigan, a science master at Harpree, who has a hold on John Erleigh, and Mrs. Travers, Erleigh's sister. Mrs. Travers was described by the aunt as being a cold, calculating, and ambitious woman. She was also described as being a woman who would do anything to get her son, Guy, into the peerage. She was also described as being a woman who would do anything to get her son, Guy, into the peerage."

"No, Guy—well, I'm glad you did. I don't suppose you'll want to handle one again for some time."

"And it's been snowing all the time," the boy went on, his eyes sparkling for the moment at the thought of his being hunted down by detectives and evading them by sheer skill. "They'll never find out I was near the place. I lost my way between the car and the house—no one will think I had anything to do with it."

"That's true enough, Guy, but we're gentlemen, you know—not criminals!"

"Still, for the matter's sake, uncle—I mean—don't you think—I had to escape, hadn't I? I didn't mean to shoot—but I was made at the thought of the thing being put back over my head."

Lord Arthur laughed and rose to his feet. "You won't get into trouble," he said cheerfully. "And, besides, after all, there'd be no need to say anything. The fellow may have been only wounded and have gone off with his pal. I'm going down now to have a look."

"I say, that's jolly good of you, uncle. And you'll come and tell me?"

"Not until the morning, Guy. You must get to sleep."

"Certainly not. I shall take Denham. 'And you'll be jolly careful, won't you, uncle? I mean you'll take a pistol with you.'"

Lord Arthur smiled. "I don't think we shall want anything of that sort, old man," he said. "You've done enough of that kind of thing for one night."

He left the room and made his way down to the smoking room, where he rang the bell. Denham came in, when the minutes had elapsed, with a tray of glasses and decanters.

"All gone to bed, Denham?" said Lord Arthur.

"Yes, my lord, and I thought you'd got to go. I've got something to eat and drink in your room—on a table by the fire."

Lord Arthur smiled. "We're neither of us going to just yet, Denham. We've got a little job in hand. I won't waste time telling you about it. Put on your hat and coat and a pair of thick boots and meet me round by the stable gates in 15 minutes. And bring a lantern."

"Yes, my lord."

"And your revolver, too. We may want it. I'll tell you everything on our way. Ten minutes later Lord Arthur and the detective set out across the park. The snow was falling more thickly than ever, and a bitter wind from the North moaned through the trees. Lord Arthur told Denham what had happened.

"Merciful Heavens, my lord," said the detective. "I do hope the young gentleman killed him."

"I don't, my friend. A nice thing for a boy like that to have on his mind."

"Still it would put an end to their games, my lord."

"The fellow Anderson is only paid for the job. Of course, if he was dying and confessed that would show up the whole business. But if he is dead, and the fellow made off, I don't if we shall get to the bottom of things—bring it home to Dick Merlet."

They made their way down the long, gentle slope of the hill, and did not pause until they reached the river. After half an hour's search they found the place where Lord Wimberley had been flung on the ground and had struggled. Denham went on his knees, and began to break away the top of the snow, bringing to light a great patch of crimson.

"Well, he may or may not be dead, my lord," he said; "but he's been taken away."

They traced footmarks down to the bank of the river, a plain pathway of footmarks, as yet only partially covered by the falling snow. Then they walked along the bank for half a mile in either direction, but saw no signs of the boat.

a match or had slid back the shutter of a dark lantern.

"Hardly likely to be the people we want," whispered Lord Arthur.

"Most unlikely, my lord. One of them at any rate must have made off."

"He might have dragged Anderson in there—those fellows have a sort of loyalty among themselves."

"The boat has gone, my lord. Well, we'd better go to work carefully."

He wrapped a woollen scarf round the lantern, and they crept toward the shed. Their feet made no sound in the thick carpet of snow.

"There was a wide crack between two of the boards of the shed, and Lord Arthur looked through it."

"Great Scott," he said, "it's Vertigan—this is a piece of luck."

They made their way round to the half-open door. Vertigan, seated on a bale of hay, gave a cry of pleasure as he saw them.

"Thank Heaven some one has come," he exclaimed. "I never thought any one would be out on such a night."

"What are you doing here?" said Lord Arthur sternly, and who are you?"

"I'm Vertigan, science master at Harpree, and I crawled in here to get out of the cold and wet. 'Twas about all I could do and he pointed to his right leg. The trouser was pulled up and a handkerchief was twisted tightly round the bare flesh and tied in a knot."

"Slipped and hurt yourself, eh?" said Lord Arthur.

Vertigan smiled. "Shot," he said grimly. "smashed the bone, I expect. It's all I can do to bear the pain."

Lord Arthur looked at Vertigan's face and saw that it was white and drawn and that there were beads of perspiration on it. If the man was shamming he was certainly a very clever actor.

"Ah, we've got to find that out. Who are you, sir?"

"Lord Arthur Merlet—Lady Wimberley's brother-in-law. Denham, do you think we can carry this gentleman up to the house?"

"I think so, my lord—I dare say there's a hurdle in this shed if one could find it."

Lord Arthur stepped forward and placed the lantern on the ground.

"Shall I have a look at your wound?" he said to Vertigan. "I know a bit about that sort of thing—knocked about a good deal in savage countries—I might be able to make a better job of the bandage."

"I—I'd be awfully glad if you would," groaned Vertigan.

Lord Arthur went on his knees and undid the blood-stained handkerchief. The flesh was torn and part of the bone was exposed. Lord Arthur's experience of wounds told him that this one had been caused by a bullet.

"If say," he said, "that's pretty bad," and began to bind it up with a clean handkerchief of his own. Before he had finished Vertigan had begun to groan again.

"We'd better get him up to the house, my lord," said Denham, "and I'll go for the doctor."

"Very awkward, Denham—there's her ladyship—she won't want her to know about this night's work."



Two Attractive Gowns for the Fox-Trot

Amy tells me in her letter that the members of her house-party are just crazy over the fox trot, and every afternoon when the men come in, every one dances in her big wide hall. She says that she has five neighbors within a radius of seven miles who give delightful little "fox trots," too, and she hopes I'll enjoy these cheery little parties.

Yes, indeed, I shall, although at first the problem of suitable clothes for these occasions did exercise me a bit. I've solved the puzzle now in two cunning little gowns, and I hope to have many a delightful "trot" in them, too.

The first one is very attractive. When mamma heard about these fox trots and the need for a couple of suitable frocks for them, she at once said: "Why, Dorothy, do you remember that beautiful black velvet gown of mine that I wore over so many years ago? It has yards and yards of exquisite material in it, and as I wore it very seldom, it looks quite fresh still. It would make a lovely frock for you, and I can unpack it at once and get Madame Celestine to make it up for you."

Of course, I was perfectly delighted, as out of my allowance I could never have afforded such glorious material as this. It must have cost dollars upon dollars a yard. The frock is finished now and fits me to perfection. The skirt is of black velvet, cut short and showing the ankles fully. It has the popular flare, and is

quite six yards around the bottom. The freedom of movement which this allows, particularly in dancing, is delightful. The skirt is decidedly high-waisted, and gathered into a high, broad girde of velvet. This girde forms the bodice of the frock, coming up below the shoulders.

A waist of flesh-colored chiffon, with long sleeves, is worn with this, the frock being cut in a deep V shape, and long sleeves ending with a cuff of chiffon. Bands of skunk fur form aprons across each shoulder from the high girde, and the whole effect is extremely smart.

I wear with this frock one of the little neck frills which are so popular just now, set on a narrow band of black velvet fastening around the throat.

My other frock for these after-dinner dances is more severe in line and almost smarter, if anything. I intend to wear it to the neighboring fox-trot which Amy mentions in her letter. It is a sand-colored broadcloth, the skirt having eight tiers or frills of the material, and being cut very full and wide. It is high-waisted and finished with a beautiful girde of deep brown velvet, bordered in gold and silver thread.

The waist, which is quite military in cut, is of sand-colored taffetas, and is ornamented with a row of smart gold-dipped buttons. The severe, high collar has an edging of fitch fur, and is over the shoulders of the new military hats is worn with this attractive frock. It is of deep brown velvet, with a gold cabuchon at the left. Sand-colored stockings and shoes of russet suede complete this smart "fox-trot" toilette.

SALADS FOR WINTER DAYS

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
AUTHOR OF THE NEW HOUSEKEEPING

While it is true that not half as many salad materials are available in winter as in summer, still the housewife who is entirely eliminating salads from her menu need not do so. The purpose of all salads, as we know, is to act like "brooms" and nature's scouring soap upon the system. They are served cold, as opposed to most of our hot foods; they are dressed with cooling oil and piquant vinegar, and thus are entirely different from vegetables served hot and even with warm sauces.

"But what shall I have for salads in winter?" asks the housewife. First, believe that many common vegetables which are usually served with a cream dressing or other sauce can be made into a salad by the simple act of serving cold with a real salad dressing. Such are the humble carrot, the plebeian beet, and the still more vulgar cabbage. All of these, and even the turnip and delicate oyster plant, can be boiled in a little water, cooled and served with the regular French dressing.

How many have tried a salad of oyster plants cool, with plenty of vinegar and a dash of mustard? Has one, turned up his nose at finely shredded cabbage with a real cold slaw dressing? Who has found distasteful a salad made from leeks boiled and served with a piquant oil and vinegar dressing?

Then there are other foods which we cannot class as fish, fowl or flesh. Among these stands celery, which combines with both vegetables and fruits and which is really the lettuce of winter. Its crisp stalks and flavor harmonize with such vegetables as cabbage and carrot or combine with diced fruit and nuts into a salad royale. Fruit salads, too, are just as possible in winter as in summer, and here we have the grape fruit, queen of all citrus fruits; the orange, the firm winter apple and the great array of white or other California grapes. Just now in certain sections these grapes are selling at 10 cents a pound, and a pound will make four portions of salad. These grapes combine excellently with cream or Neufchatel cheese, with walnuts, oranges and grapefruit.

If we wish to use canned foods there are any number of possibilities for salad making. Tender green spring beans, small pickled onions, the delightful pimiento and asparagus, green and white, all blend to cold service and dressings. A half-can of cherries can be covered with oil and vinegar as well as used with a dessert. Canned pears, cream cheese and walnut meat make an ambrosial salad, while circles of canned pineapple, similarly used, will give that delicious sweet salad taste so necessary in almost every meal.

We have almost forgotten the copious Bermuda onion, now in its glory, which alone is sufficient for a wholesome appetizer. There are Brussels sprouts, too, in season, and a most refreshing salad is recalled of grated raw rutabaga.

Shredded cabbage. Yes, while salads are a possibility even without expensive lettuce and endive. It is needed and it can be prepared almost daily of vegetables and fruit in season and to the housewife's very hands.

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Seen in the Stores

Lovely, crepe de chine Windsor ties, charmingly attractive to the schoolgirl costume. They come in every imaginable shade; in palest pastels they are indeed attractive. The short ones are 25 cents and the long ones with shaded ends are 50 cents.

The Christmas shopping has left us great many reductions in gloves. You can get tan, gray, black and white glove gloves for 85 cents a pair. Tan have fancy clasps and stitching on the back, too.

There are piles of machine embroidered silk vests on sale now for \$2.95. These come in white, palest blue and flesh pink. Mufflers are quite the thing just now and come in every style. Millady wears them flying from her throat, and they can be had in every shade to match her favorite frock. They start at 50 cents and run up to \$5 apiece.

The prettiest of dancing slippers are just now on sale. They are made of light cravat material. They have tips and foxing of patent leather and cost \$10 a pair.

There are some combinations, with a without the camisole top, can be had in white, flesh pink and blue. They are \$3.95 to \$5.50. Petticoats to match come with plain and lace flounces and ruffles in price from \$2.95 to \$5.

Another great bargain is the sale of dark green, blue and black satin coats with an accordion pleated flounce of lovely Roman striped material. They are \$12.95 and are just the thing for the knockabout blouse. The cost from 68 cents to \$13.95 a yard.

Care of the Teeth

You can't afford to forget about your teeth, because some day you may get a very unpleasant reminder of their condition. An ordinary illness is preferable to a continuous, nerve-racking toothache. A dental expert gave the following hints about taking the proper way to treat the teeth.

"First of all," he says, "any actual disease of the teeth must be treated by the dentist. However, much can be done to prevent, or at least delay, decay."

"Very hot food or drinks, and strong acids, are the worst foes of the teeth. So you should be careful of your mouth and tooth wash. These should be either astringent, antiseptic, alkaline or neutral."

Common sense is good when it comes to the teeth, but you shouldn't use it too frequently, as it will scratch them.

"A charcoal powder is about the best tooth wash, as it is absolutely harmless. Lemon juice, however, (a weak solution) are good whiteners for the teeth. They should be rubbed on with a soft cloth."

We have almost forgotten the copious Bermuda onion, now in its glory, which alone is sufficient for a wholesome appetizer. There are Brussels sprouts, too, in season, and a most refreshing salad is recalled of grated raw rutabaga.

"Where are you going to take me?" he moaned.

"Up to the house."

"Oh, no—I beg of you—it would alarm her, ladyship—is there no cottage—no farmhouse—near—I don't quite know where I am."

Lord Arthur turned to Denham. "Go up to the house," he said, "and get the motor sent down the road that runs to the ferry 50 yards lower down the river. Take him to Harpree. I think that is the best plan—and bring some brandy with you. He's likely to want a drop. Then we'll take the lantern with you."